



FATHER ON THEE WE CALL

Sacred Song

WORDS BY

EUGENE CLAIRE

MUSIC BY

A.W. HUGHES



FATHER ON THEE WE CALL.

Revised by Arthur W. Hughes.

Eugene Claire.

Andante.

PIANO.

p

1. With tear-ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a dark and storm - y
 2. Come for all else must fail and die; Earth is no rest - ing place for

rall.

sea; Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a sound, a heav'n-ly whis - per "Come to
 thee; Heav'n-ward di - rect thy weep-ing eye; I am thy por - tion "Come to

p a tempo

me; It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my soul may
 me; O voice of mer - cy, voice of love, In con-flict grief and a - go -

rall.

flee, O, to the wea - ry and op - pressed how sweet the bid - ding, "Come to
ny, Sup - port me cheer me from a - bove and gent - ly whis - per, "Come to

me?" O, Fath - er in Hea - ven, on Thee *we* call, — Thou art our
me?"

rall. *a tempo*

Sav - iour, our all in all, — Grant us thy mer - cy, —

rall. e dim.

and thy — love, — That we may reach, thy realm — a - bove.

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